

THE
YELLOW
DIARY



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The Yellow Diary (Short Story)

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*"It is dedicated
to God"*

On a spring evening, A beautiful flower field with an array of colorful flowers. Children are playing nearby when a car arrived and a handsome man gets out of it.

He closes the car door and walks slowly and reaches the middle of that beautiful flower field and knee.

He says something in a low voice while touching the flowers all around with his hands.

Then he departed.



This sequence continued every day. Nearby residents are surprised to see the behavior of this unknown person, they struggled to understand why he comes to this flower field every day.

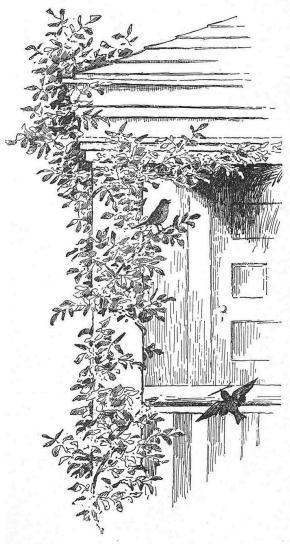
Jeff, the owner of this flower farm, comes to know about this.

Jeff came there the next day, and asked the people nearby.

Jeff said “Does anyone really come here every day?”

Some people said “Yes Mr. Jeff, a person comes here every day, he is a young person,

he is very handsome".



"Does he come here to steal?"
Jeff said. "He doesn't harm these
flowers?"

People said, "He seems to be a
man from a good family, why
would he steal something like a
flower?"

"Did he come here today?" Jeff asked in
surprise.

People said "He came, and he is gone".

Then a young man said, “Are you talking about those who come to this flower field every day?”

Jeff said “Yeah, do you know him?”

The man said “Yes, that is Mr. George Emerson, our new neighbor.

The next day, Jeff hid in his flower field all day, anticipating the mysterious man's return.

As on every other day, a car arrived, and a handsome man emerged. He strolled



comfortably among the flowers while Jeff watched secretly.

As soon as he reached the middle of the flowers, Jeff approached him and asked loudly, "Who are you, and why do you come here every day?"

The person said in a calm voice "Hi, I am Emerson, who are you?"

Jeff said, "I am the owner of this flower farm, I want to know why you come here every day.

Emerson said, 'The reason for this is that my job requires me to relocate every four years,"

Jeff's eyes widened in surprise. "Looks like I've seen you somewhere," he said. 'You're Mr.

George Emerson! You've been to our town before, seven years ago."

Emerson smiled, shaking Jeff's hand "Yes, I remember. You've changed a lot."

Jeff said, "Mr. Emerson, nice to meet you again, after all you can't stay in one place forever.

Emerson smiled and said, "Yes, that's just what I do."

Emerson and Jeff sat down near a tree and engaged in a wide-ranging conversation."

Jeff asked, "Mr. Emerson, I've known you for a long time, but one thing puzzles me: why do you

visit the flowers every day, no matter where you live?" , curiosity sparking in his eyes. "People have told me you come here daily; what draws you to this place?"

Emerson smiled and said, "Do you want to know?"

Jeff asked curiously, "Yes, do you love flowers so much? I want to know, tell me,"

Emerson smiled at Jeff. 'Yes, I'll give you the answer tomorrow.'

The two parted ways, returning to their respective homes.

The next day, Emerson arrived at the flower field to find Jeff already waiting. Emerson told Jeff, "I come here daily to thank God," he revealed.

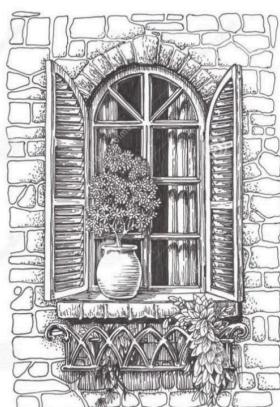
Handing Jeff a worn yellow diary, Emerson said, "This is my journal. Read it, and you'll find your answer within, read it now,"

Jeff and Emerson sat together in comfortable silence, surrounded by the vibrant, swaying flowers that danced gently in the breeze. Jeff's eyes were immersed in the yellowed pages of Emerson's diary, devouring every word as the secrets of Emerson's past began to unfold.

11 September, Tuesdays

On a pleasant rainy day, in a beautiful city full of natural beauty, in which there is a house near a flower field, a man named George Emerson has come to live there with his family. The house where Mr. Emerson is staying has a very beautiful view.

When Mr. Emerson reached the balcony of that house for the first



time, there was a very beautiful scene in front of him, then he also felt the fragrance of many flowers

he saw that there was a flower field nearby, he became even more happy after seeing so many flowers. His eyes were not moving away from those flowers. Seeing this he called the entire family to the balcony and everyone was very happy to see this

When Emerson met the neighbors who lived nearby, he liked their nature very much, Emerson said "It's a pleasure to meet you all, I have just moved here",

People welcomed Emerson, Emerson said, "The flower field near my house is very beautiful. They reached home praising the place.

A few days later, Emerson woke up one morning feeling the urge to go to the balcony. He slowly opened the room door and stepped out onto the balcony. As he caught sight of the flowers and inhaled their sweet fragrance, joy filled his heart.

An 11-year-old boy then wandered into the flower field, plucking blooms as he went.

Watching the boy pick the flowers, Emerson felt a pang of sadness. Why was he taking them?

The boy continued this behavior for a second day, and then a third. Day after day, he would come to the field and pick the flowers. Emerson observing all of this.

One evening, Emerson yearned to meet the owner of the flower farm. He asked around, but no one could provide the owner's name.

In the distance, an old man sat in the garden of a beautiful house.

The old man looked at Emerson and asked,
"Sir, are you new here? I've never seen you
before."

Emerson replied, "Yes, my name is George
Emerson. I'm new here. I've come for
work."

The old man said, "My name is White.
Please, come in."

Emerson and Mr. White
began a conversation and
soon started a game of
chess.

Then Emerson said,
"You have seen that



beautiful flower field, it is very beautiful,
do you know who its owner is,

I want to meet him." Mr. White says
laughingly, "I don't think you'll ever find
out about them, in fact the owner of that
farm has forbidden everyone to tell about
them."

Mr. White said "Mr. Emerson, you're a
very nice person. You can come to me
anytime you'd like,"

Emerson replied "Sure, I'd be glad to,"

The next day, when Emerson reached the balcony in the morning, the child was again plucking flowers.

Emerson got a little angry and thought that the flowers were decreasing day by day, if I came to know about the owner of this flower farm then I could complain.

But he did not say anything to the child,

One day Emerson came Mr. White's house and started talking to him.

Then the child who used to pick flowers, came to Mr. White and lovingly gave some beautiful flowers to Mr. White.

The child said “Thank you Mr. White”

And he went away,
Emerson looked at that
child carefully, he is very
beautiful, today Emerson
saw this child closely for
the first time, he was
about to say something
about the child but
became silent after seeing his good
behavior.



Mr. Emerson asked, “Who is this child?”
Mr. White said, “He is my son.”

Emerson was surprised and happy to know this.

Emerson said, “But why it does not look like you, he is more beautiful than you.”

Mr White said “Yes I adopted it.

Mr. White stood up and walked towards the back of the house, carrying the flowers. Emerson followed closely behind.

And Emerson smelled the fragrance of many flowers and was astonished at what he saw.

There was a pile of flowers many times bigger than the field near Mr. Emerson's house, behind Mr. White's house.

Mr. White placed the new flowers with the pile of flowers and returned to the garden.

Emerson said surprisedly "What's all this, Mr. White,"

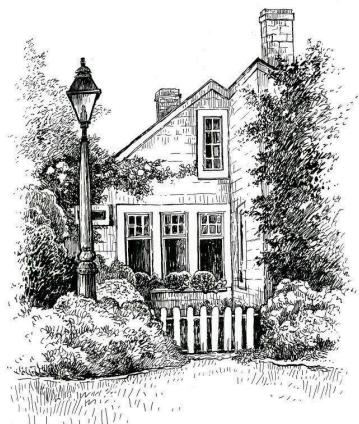
Mr. White said, "My son gives me some flowers every day, and I keep them." My child has been doing this thing for many years.

He knows that I am not his real father, but he considers me greater than his real father, I don't

know how he is so intelligent, he thanks me by giving me flowers every day.

I have also told him that, you do not need to do this, I am very happy with you.

Emerson becomes very emotional after seeing all this, and his love for that child increases.



This happens many times in front of Emerson, and he feels very happy.

One day, the child is again giving flowers to Mr. White, when Emerson

asked him kindly, “why do you say thank you every day to Mr. White?”

The child said, “ if I thank him every day and throughout my life, it is still less.”

This thing touched Emerson's soul.

Mr. White kept the flowers in the garden behind the house.

Mr. White never throws away those flowers, even if they wither completely,

After a few weeks, Emerson received a call informing him that he would have to relocate to

another city. He felt a pang of sadness at the news.

Emerson's wife said, "What happened, this is our job, we are not changing the city for the first time, but you are looking sad.

Emerson said, "I will remember Mr. White and his child very much." Emerson and his wife both came to the balcony, Emerson said, "I will always remember this flower field too."

Emerson said "Oh, I remember, I must tell Mr. White that I am going to leave this city in a few days."

Emerson reached that flower field and plucked some flowers for the first time, he took the flowers to Mr. White's house, he hid the flowers and sat near Mr. White,



And the moment the chess began, Emerson looked carefully at Mr. White's wounds.

Seeing the very fine marks from which a little blood was coming out, Mr. Emerson said, "These marks have not yet healed." I'm worried it's rising, aren't you feeling pain, Mr. White?

Mr. White said, look, you are going to lose, and hearing this Emerson became engrossed in chess. Mr White won and then

Emerson said, "Mr. White, I want to tell you that I am leaving from here after a few days."

Mr. White said, "Oh, now your work is done, what have you been hiding."

Emerson gave flowers to Mr. White and said happily, "Thank you Mr.White, you and your son gave me a great education. Mr. White shook Emerson's hand.

Mr. White took the flowers and became a little emotional, after some time Emerson came back to his home.

When Emerson washed his hands before dinner at night, he felt something, there was pain and burning in his hands, he looked at his hands carefully, Emerson's right hand had fine scratch marks just like Mr. White.



Seeing this, Emerson thought that perhaps Mr. White had some infection which had spread to his hands also.

Emerson had dinner with the family at night and went to sleep.

But he could not sleep for many hours late at night, he got up and came to the balcony to look at the flowers and kept looking at the flowers, the flowers were swaying in the wind, which were giving peace to Emerson's mind.

Then an old man came there and started sowing new flowers in that field, Mr. Emerson saw him and Emerson thought that he was the owner of this field.

Seeing this, Emerson immediately reached the field, he silently started looking at the old man, that old man was Mr. White. Mr. White was sowing new flowers, and removing forks (thorn) from the flowers.



Emerson understood that the pain and injury in his hands today was due to the bites of flowers.

And the scratch marks that Mr. White has are also because he comes every day and removes the thorns from the flowers, he does this so that the child who plucks these flowers every day never gets stung.

Emerson approached Mr. White and hugged him. Mr. White said, "What are you doing here?"

Emerson said, “So the bruises and wounds on your hands are because of this.”

Emerson also helped Mr. White, while helping Emerson jokingly said “Why don't you plant uncut flowers.

On the day Emerson is leaving, he goes to Mr. White's house for the last time, and plays chess with him, then as usual the child comes to Mr. White with flowers and, thanking him, gives him the flowers.

Emerson and White looked at each other and smiled. Emerson said goodbye to Mr. White and came home.

All of Emerson's belongings have been shifted from the house to the car, all ready to go,



Emerson said to his family, "I will be back in a little while." He came to the flowers that were near the house, very slowly went into the middle of the flower field and stood on his knees and said

“Thank you”.



*Conclusion: - If you are a wise person
then you know the value of life, you really
know and appreciate the value of every
moment, breath, age, family, body,*

beauty, everything. But sometimes we feel that no amount of thanks is enough for what we have got. Like family and their love, consciousness, life and many other things.

: But you can't thank God no matter what you do, and He doesn't need or want it. But when you understand this, you still want to thank God, and that's where love begins. It's where selfless service begins. You love nature, you love the sky, you love knowledge, your work, you help the people. You understand being happy and

making people happy as a way to give thanks.

:Sometimes we think like that child that we are doing something or doing it with great effort, but we are completely unaware that there is someone who has worked hard for us, everybody thinks and sees the efforts of only that one person but people are unaware that behind it there is someone else working hard...